

THE AMARANTH.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION, DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, POETRY AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME I.

ASHLAND, OHIO, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1847.

NUMBER 8.

THE MUSES' COLUMN.

Original.

The Crucifixion of Christ.

"Twas morn! The blazing chariot of the sky
Along Aurora's gold-paved way
Majestic rolled, and fitted red-winged clouds
Wide through the azure-vanited canopy—
Proud attendants of the illustrious king—
As, ushered into the admiring gaze
Of beings countless, Nature grateful smiled,
And one triumphant, silent song of praise
Floated aloft to Heaven's eternal throne.
But man—ungrateful worm!—to whom is given
The power divine to scan creation's works,
And feel from whom this mighty workmanship—
Unrivalled by created hand—proceeds;
From whom receive their power, the blazing orbs
That swing in matchless grandeur in their home
Of space eternal; from whence old ocean caught
The song of power, and sent the echo back
To earth's remotest bound—"There is a God!"—
Mocks at returning morn, nor prayer, nor praise,
Steals up to Heaven's throne from heart sincere,
A tribute doubly due to him who gives,
Nor asks returning gifts, that he may chance
New blessings on the human race bestow;
But on, to grasp the glories of this world,
He seems intent, until his fame-stung soul,
Writhing in agony, is pushed out of life.
Thus, on that sacred morn—sacred, indeed, to Him
Who dies,—moved nature on in quiet ease,
And all seemed well. But hark! a voice of woe,
Of anguish deep, from yonder mountain side,
The morning's balmy breath carries aloft.
Dark forms are seen, with firm, triumphant step,
And haughty brow, erect, wending along the
The rugged steep. A form, divinely bright,
Amid the mocking crowd of soldiery,
Moves meekly on, with feeble step and slow,
To Calvary's summit. O'er his thorn-crowned brow
Droop, with deep anguish moist, the jetty locks;
And light,—purer by far, than morn's first ray,—
Dances in wildest grandeur 'round his form.
The rugged cross, of all the world the sins,
And just Heaven's wrath, he bears. The heir of Heaven—
From the throne of his father uncreated,
Where cherubims and seraphims their harps
To all eternity attuned, give praise
Triumphant to Jehovah's mighty name,
Descending takes the burden of our guilt,
Of all the world and a blasphemer—dies!

Behold him now upon Mount Calvary!
The life-blood gushing from his spear-pierced side.
With bitter cursings are his dying groans,
His cries of anguish, swallowed up; and yet,
Behold he prays! With eye to heaven upturned,
With look unutterable of love, he cries,
"Father forgive, they know not what they do!"

Stand back, thou worm! nor pour the bitter draught—
Disgustful as thy cursed, fiendish soul—
Upon the tongue of him who dies for thee.
Insect! ungrateful, vile! thus to insult
Thy dying savior. But hark! that thrilling cry—
"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!"
The glorious day-god now his golden robe
Casts off, and in deep mourning on the dreadful scene
Dares not to gaze. The everlasting hills
With terror tremble, and a voice of woe
Up to high Heaven's court for vengeance cries!
The slumbering cities of the dead awake,
And forth to earth, their pale-faced sleepers start!
Earth trembling, weeps, and sends the echo back
To sister worlds—"The God of Nature dies!"

Worm of the dust! nerve now thy feeble arm,
And swear thyself a god; and fondly clasp
This universe, so beautiful, so grand,
Thine own. Teach yon rolling spheres their course—
The ocean wave its song of liberty—
The dark-mantled clouds of Heaven shake
With thy avenging breath—the nations teach
The laws immutable of justice stern—
Then die, and mingle with thy mother dust—
Not God, but an accursed, senseless thing.
Hayesville, O. ROENA.

Selected.

Woman.

"Oh woman! woman! thou should'st have few sins
Of thine own to answer for. Thou art the author
Of such a book of follies in a man,
That it would need the tears of all the angels
To blot the record out."—Bulwer.

Original.

The Blazing Fireside.

BROTHER and Sisters had I once,
In whom I could confide;
Brother and sister now are gone
From the Blazing Fireside.

When all at home and in our youth,
How pleasant moments glide,
Our leisure hours in telling truth
By the Blazing Fireside.

Our joys and sorrows then were told
With pleasure and with pride,
And we each other have consoled
By the Blazing Fireside.

This pleasure was both great and pure,
And swollen in its tide,
And we enjoyed it free and sure
By the Blazing Fireside.

A brother's heart, a sister's love,
When warm with youthful pride,
A great catholicism doth prove,
By the Blazing Fireside.

But now, alas! the scene is changed,
My leisure hours do glide
Away in solemn solitude
By the Blazing Fireside.

JAMIE.

Original.

Youth and Beauty.

I saw two flowers in morning's light
Sparkling with dew—
Clad in their beauty peerless and bright—
And the glory of the vale was this gorgeous sight,
Unsmiled and new;
And my light heart rejoiced, for I love the sweet flowers
That bloom in the wild-wood, the dell and the bowers.

I passed—returned with autumn's moan,
And sought the vale;
I looked for those flowers, but all were gone!
Their slender stalks whitened—their beauty flown!
Transient and frail!
And I thought 't'was so Youth blooms in life's morning
But withers and fades like the leaf and the flower.

Yet, why should we the change regret!—
Our visage shows—
The blossoms oft fall before the fruit—
Our Beauty consists in the repute
Our lives disclose;
And these are evergreens that will not decay,
When Life, Youth and Beauty have all passed away!
Broun Run, O. S. J. H. S.

Original.

Childhood.

As an island in the ocean,
Begirt with waters 'round—
An oasis in the desert
Which burning sands surround;

Where the tempest-toss'd and weary
Find sweet repose from care—
Where no storm nor tempest darkens—
Where all is calm and fair;

So is childhood's sunlit hour
In the pilgrimage of life;
Thither oft the spirit turns
From scenes of care and strife.

Savannah, O.

J. W. R.

Selected.

The Bow of Promise.

BY COLERIDGE.

On the driving cloud the shining bow,
That gracious thing made up of smiles and tears,
'Mid the wild sleet and rain that slant below
Stands—

As though the spirit of all lovely flowers
In weaving each its wreath and daisy crown,
And ere they sunk to earth in vernal showers,
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

THE STORY-TELLER.

Original.

TEMPER.

BY MRS. PHILOMEL S. WEED.

CHAPTER I.

"FLORENCE EBERLY, you know, and ever have known the infirmity of my love. I cannot bear to see the chosen of my heart, bestowing the same love-glances and warm smiles upon a comparative stranger, that she does on me, her affianced husband."

"Oh, Clarence! how can you say so? Mr Henry is an acquaintance of my brother, and as such, should not be neglected by me. You know my attachment for him is no stronger than friendship sanctions. No other construction could be put upon our intercourse. Oh, Clarence, you are unreasonably!" and the injured girl wept bitterly.

"Excuses will not suffice to convince me. Our engagement had better be cancelled."

"As you please, Mr Clayton," and the hitherto crouching and agonized form of the young girl was erect as the mountain pine. "As you please. Loving as I have, and ever shall—complying as I have ever been,—obedient and faithful,—may my right hand wither if I say nay to your proposal. You are right," she added; and the rich tones of her voice grew husky with stifled feeling—"better that we separate now, ere the shadow over our pathway gathers the darkness and fierceness of the lowering tempest. Better linger through life unwedded and uncared for, than be the victim of your violent, imperious temper. Yet you thought not of this; oh, no!" and her tones were crushingly scornful. You fondly thought I would kneel, as I oft have done, and implore your forgiveness for this fancied injury. But your power is over—and although my heart will ever retain your image, and be true in its devotion to you, yet must we separate."

CHAPTER II.

Clarence Clayton and Florence Eberly were, as the reader already knows, betrothed. He, the son of wealthy parents, and the heir expectant of an immensely rich old uncle. She, the amiable and accomplished daughter of an opulent Southern widow; the match in prospective, was deemed an eligible one, on all sides.

He was a noble looking man—frank and generous—and of a remarkably pleasant demeanor. He had, however, with all these endearing qualities, a violent, hasty and jealous temper. When a mere boy he had his destiny foretold, and the old crone who prophesied, on looking at the palm of his hand, started back, exclaiming:

"A youthful hand, so soft and white,
Hath seldom come before my sight:
Yet lines of passion, deep, are there,
Marring the palm which else were fair.
Passion will lose the bride when won—
Will dim thy life's bright shining sun—
Will lay thee in an early tomb,
Ere yet life's sun has reached high noon."

This prediction aggravated his already high temper, and he could not bear the laughter of his playmates on the subject.

While yet young, he had become acquainted with Florence Eberly, and the winning playfulness and

amiable disposition of the young girl completely fascinated him. He was much with her, and her company seemed to exert a salutary influence over him:—he became more gentle and even-tempered, and she loved him with all the ardor and warmth of affection that could be expected from one, who had spent her early days in a voluptuous southern clime. As they grew older their love strengthened, until he finally told her all his hopes and wishes, and she consented to become his bride on her nineteenth birthday. The parents of both were consulted and their approval gained, and nought but the youth of the lovers retarded their union.

After their engagement, Florence had seen some bursts of temper in her beloved Clarence, though he guarded himself so watchfully that it seldom betrayed itself.

It now wanted but a few weeks of the time appointed for their marriage. For the three previous months, Florence had been frequently pained by the unreasonableness of Clarence. His excited imagination and growing temper, converted the most trivial thing into a serious offence. Florence was naturally of a mild, persuasive temperament; therefore no rupture followed these jealous fancies of Clarence; but the under current had never been ruffled by a single contact between passion and principle.

The cause of the conversation that commences our tale was this: Mr Henry, an old and intimate acquaintance of her only brother, was then spending a few weeks with them. He was an affable, pleasant gentleman, of perhaps thirty-five. On the preceding evening they had all attended a party in the neighborhood, where Florence, gay and animated, had been the ruling spirit, and perhaps, by her innocent flirtations with Mr Henry, (for whom she cared nothing,) gave Clarence some cause to feel disaffected. He called next evening at her mother's, and poured forth such a torrent of invectives against the unsuspecting girl, as almost crushed her. In vain did she strive to reason with him and convince him of the rashness of his conduct, and portray the fearful effects of giving way to passion, as violent as his. But right-minded and noble and equable as he was, yet did this one fault maintain the supremacy over him, and the prophecy of the old wierd-woman haunted him by day and night. Alas for Florence! the arguments and persuasions of the gentle girl availed nothing, and their interview terminated in the conversation before related.

CHAPTER III.

Three years have elapsed since the above occurrence transpired. Florence Eberly, beautiful and noble as ever, but with an expression of softened melancholy—which now seemed a part of herself—cast over her countenance, was seated in her elegantly furnished boudoir, engaged in reading. A servant entered, and handed her a package; on opening the envelope, the following letter presented itself:

"New York.

FLORENCE—for I dare not address you by a more endearing epithet—you who was once my own, and whom I threw from me by my own madness, can, perhaps, understand the feelings which prompt me to write to you. Oh, Florence! no pen, guided by mortal hand, can portray the deep, dark agonies through which I have passed, in the long years I have been separated from you. Mild and gentle, as you ever were, you cannot imagine the horrors that have attended me, until now, from my youth.

After our separation, the words of the old fortune-teller—"Passion will lose the bride when won"—rang in my ears incessantly, and were re-echoed from every object that surrounded me.

I now know that it was but a hallucination of my own imagination, but then it seemed vivid reality, and

every look or word given to another, was to my excited fancy, but a verification of the prophecy which has well nigh blighted my whole existence. I looked upon you, and indeed upon the whole world, through a distorted medium. But my mental vision is cleared.

Florence, I love you, deeply, devotedly. Time has but strengthened, and absence riveted the ties that bind me to you.

How is it with you, adored one? Can you, will you forget the madness—I could almost say crimes—of my younger days? Can you, will you, grant me the happiness of once more beholding you, and revelling in the light of your presence? May not even the hope, once dearly cherished, be realized? Oh, Florence! be my bride—my wife—and let the bitter past be drowned in Lethæan waves. My parents ardently desire my return to the house of my ancestors—the home of my childhood; but I cannot, without your sanction. Write to me;—you cannot refuse this request. You cannot condemn me to a life of misery and inertia. I shall watch each mail with all the agonies of torturing suspense, until I hear from you.

Your repentant

CLARENCE."

After reading this epistle, Florence sat for hours, motionless as a statue. The time she so long expected had come, fraught with joy and hope and happiness. Her own Clarence was redeemed—freed from the chain which had so long held his noble mind and loving heart in subjection. He was hers, after a world of misery to her, and a hell of bitter condemning reflection to him. A short time after the reception of his letter, Clarence received the following:

"Albion.

CLARENCE—my own Clarence—words cannot express the happiness your long expected letter brought with it.—I say expected, for I could not but think you would discover the error you was in—and that nought but yourself separated us. And what has buoyed me up through our long separation—during those long months and years that might have been laden with holy happiness, instead of the deep wretchedness we have both suffered? It was *this hope, this expectation*, which is now realized. Clarence, if you are animated by the same feelings that warm my heart, I need not say "come."

Your own

FLORENCE."

Is our story without a moral?

Jackson, O., May, 1847.

Selected.

Simplicity.

STRIVE not for intricate sentences, or words difficult for the unlettered to understand. He is the best writer who is the most simple in his language, who repeats his thoughts just as they flow, without gorgeous ornament or thundering words.

Simplicity in style and comprehensiveness in ideas, is what all who write for the public should aim to acquire. There are words sufficient to convey our ideas in the common language of the day, without ransacking folio dictionaries or heathen mythology. For one, we abhor a transcendental paragraph, and never spend a moment to unravel it.

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

A WISE thinker has said that the reason why many people know comparatively nothing, is, that they can never bear to be told any thing.

NOTHING renders an illiterate man more ridiculous than to affect hard words.

THE MORALIST.

Selected.

The Sabbath.

IN all of God's works there is a fitness for the purpose intended. To attain the proposed end, every thing that is necessary is brought to bear with man. He is a short-sighted and erring being, liable every moment of his life to do wrong. His plans fail, and the means are often inadequate or opposed to the ends desired. God operates upon general and established principles. Man hews out to himself "cisterns—broken cisterns that can hold no water." God, in accordance with this great truth, has declared that he made the Sabbath for man, and not man for the Sabbath. The day was instituted for man's benefit. He is bound to make a wise and judicious use of it. It ought to be spent in making moral improvements—in fitting the soul for its best enjoyments. And the influences of the Sabbath are good; they are calculated directly and indirectly to reform man's moral condition. And he needs something to renovate his character. He is surrounded by thousands of influences that tend to draw him from the path of rectitude and duty. Snarles are set for his unwary feet on every side; when he thinks himself safe, then is he in danger—his strongest moments, as he imagines, may be the weakest ones. Now the Sabbath was intended for good. It will strengthen the good resolves of the heart, and tend to chase away evil.

The exercises of the Sabbath have saved many a young man from moral death. They have been the means of purifying many a sinner's heart.

Just Tribute to Female Worth.

WOMAN, from her infancy to old age, is an object of constant interest; and it is not strange that a being so tender, and yet so full of endearments, should have called forth the admiration of the philosopher, and the fervid praises of poets.

Her history is but the narrative of good deeds—in health she is our pride, in distress our solace; and, in the faithful discharge of her duties to society, she is the idol of all hearts. Like a ministering angel, she soothes us in affliction; and under the depressing influences of adversity, she inspires hope, and incites to renewed effort. Who has not felt the cheering influence of her smiles, and the encouragements of her eloquence, in the dark hour of despondency? Abandoned by friends, and left to the cold charities of a selfish and heartless world, the husband of her bosom then knows how to appreciate the depths of her love, and the sincerity of her vows. As wife, mother, sister—in a word, in every situation of life, virtuous woman is the kind and fast friend of man. Is it, therefore, not due to this self-sacrificing being, that we, who so well know how to value her excellence, should labor assiduously to diminish the suffering, and assuage those sorrows incident to her sex. The duty of instructing you how to assuage those sorrows and rescue her from the perils by which she is surrounded, devolves upon man; and each should endeavor most faithfully to perform this office.

Religion.

* * * There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has surrounded amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity; there are those, too, who heard its still small voice amid rural leisure and placid contentment. But perhaps the knowledge which caused us not to err, is most frequently impressed upon the mind during seasons of affliction; and tears are the softening showers which cause seeds of heaven to take root and spring up in the human heart.

THE AMARANTH.

"The only Amaranthine flower on earth is—Virtue!
The only lasting treasure—Truth!"

ROBERT V. KENNEDY, EDITOR.

ASHLAND, O., MAY 29, 1847.

THE reader will observe that we have introduced a new and beautiful font of type into this number of the AMARANTH. Is it not pretty?

We have no room for editorials in this number—not even to make an excuse for its late appearance. The discriminating reader will observe that we have made an improvement in its mechanical appearance. We intended to prepare a notice to Correspondents, and announce the names of some newly appointed Agents, but are compelled to defer.

Original.

Cold Water.

It gurgles from the fountain, trickles from the hill-side, sparkles in the sunlight, reflects the clear blue sky, and all the stars of heaven, and is a mirror which evermore gives back from its surface, the images of peace and purity. The streamlet, with its silvery waters dancing o'er its pebbly bed, and rolling on with gentle murmurs, now foaming down the cascade's height, and now in silence stealing through the lovely mead and flowery lawn, gives music to the soul, enchanting as the harp of paradise. The river, rolling onward to its home, the deep blue sea, swollen by the torrent from the lofty mountain's height, where lie the snows of ages, is a fit emblem of mortality—"continually passing away, returning never."

The ocean, the mighty, ever-restless ocean, whose beating waves dash high on every shore, and in whose depths sleep millions of the human race, their quiet tombs beneath its billows;—the "roaring foaming ocean," in the majesty of its wrath, when its angry surges seem to lave the very sky, and kiss the sparkling gems that glitter in its azure vaults; or when its power sleeps in calm tranquility at the mandate of its author, saying, "Peace, be still!"—is a beauteous emblem of the power, majesty, and might, of God its maker.

Cold Water! The image of all that is pure and holy on earth—how refreshing to the weary! And who would exchange the "fountain dancing freely," and be deprived of its refreshing waters for the wealth of Golconda or the treasures of universal commerce? Let the Bacchanal revel in his halls of glee, and fill high the sparkling bowl; let kings and courtiers sip the ruddy wine, and laugh and talk with maniac wildness; let the social circle be enlivened by the friendly glass, among the votaries of of fashion, who worship at the shrine of their god, with an untiring zeal, and with a fervent devotion; let the sot in the ale house rejoice as he quaffs the exciting potion—the potion which renders him a brute; let the praises of wine be celebrated in the loftiest strains of the poet, and handed from sire to son, repeated in the palace of the monarch, and in the cot of the peasant, but give, O give me pure cold water—the beverage our parents drank in paradise, ere sin had brought a curse upon our race, and laid on them the seal of infamy and degradation.

Pure, Cold Water! Would I renounce it for the sparkling, ruby wine—"the thief which, entering at the mouth, doth steal the brains away?" Would I resign my glass of pure cold water for the filthy treasures of Turkey, or of West India's burning clime, and quaff the stimulating cup of that vile beverage, denominated coffee? Would I give up the water, sparkling in the sunlight joyously, and sip the enervating draught made from some "green thing," brought across the deep blue sea, from China's distant shores? No! Banish far your ruby wine. Preserve me from

the revels of the Bacchanal, and from his halls of glee. Let me not taste the beverage which graces the table of all, from the king to the peasant—from the lordly millionaire to the child of poverty, whose inheritance is penury and want.

Cold Water! a cure for half the maladies to which our race is subject—let its virtues be regarded. Let it stand in the room of the wine-cup, and rejoice the heart of the weary.

"'Twas the drink of a Savior, a David, a John,
'Tis the safest, the sweetest, the purest, the best;
'Twas bestowed by Samaria's daughter on one
Whom the heavens and earth their supreme have
confess'd."

Savannah, O.

J. W. R.

Original.

Life is Short.

BY "S. GRAHAM."

THERE is nothing with which we are more familiar than with the shortness of human life. While the experience of every day—the events which occur around us, and the scenes in which we must unavoidably mingle, inculcate upon us the important fact, it is perhaps, of all others, least easily realized. The infinite variety of objects in nature to interest the rational mind, the successive changes which are continually taking place in the material world, and the operations that are going on within us, all conspire to prevent our appreciation of the important truth, that Life is short.

When we consider the vast capabilities of the human mind—its boundless desires, and unlimited susceptibility of improvement, the question almost involuntarily presents itself, why is life so short? When we reflect on man's powers, by which he is able to determine the figure and dimensions of the globe, and delineate every region on its surface—to force a path upon the watery waste—to measure the planetary orbs, and make discoveries in the spheres of the fixed stars—to trace the comet's course along the trackless ether, and draw the vivid lightning down from heaven—to penetrate the ocean depths—to unfold and analyze the mysteries of nature, we cannot fail to be struck with the briefness of the time allotted for exercising those vast powers of mind, and calling forth the energies of that vigorous intellect with which he is endowed.

Even this is but a tithe of his capabilities—of that wide-spreading comprehensiveness of thought that elevates him above irrational existence. The unbounded spirit can diffuse and multiply its thoughts perpetually, commingling with the spirits of those who have lived in former years, and blending in turn, with those now existing, until, led by its exploring energy, it rises, in sublime thought, to that great First Principle who pervades all things, and called its own energies into being. With untiring wing it travels uncontrolled amid other worlds, far beyond the bounds of our solar system—contemplates suns clustering behind suns, rising to view in boundless perspective, and with intense desire struggles to grasp the idea of infinity itself.

Such are some of the sublime powers and capabilities of the human mind—such are its boundless desires when it seeks to comprehend the universe, and unsatisfied with what is finite, frames to itself ideal greatness and grandeur. Yet the spirit thus kindling into raptures by the sublimity of its own operations, is soon destined to wend its way from earth;—the fervent yearnings of the soul, and the bright corruscations of genius will soon become extinguished by the hand of death.

Since, then, the mind of man is capable of perpetual advancement, since there is such a boundless variety of pleasure accessible to him, why is life so short?

Each one may deem that he has ability to answer the interrogatory and assign a reason for this law of nature, but upon consideration he will be compelled to admit that it is too deep to be fathomed by human understanding. Common observation teaches us that life is short, but we are utterly incapable of penetrating the deep veil that hides from our beclouded mental vision, the cause of this brevity, and can only refer it to the absolute will of an inscrutable Providence. It is ever true that

"omnes una munet nos
Et calcanda semel via lethe."

The rich and the noble of earth, and the poor and the despised, whether adorned with virtue or sullied with vice, whether life has been passed with noise upon the great theatre, or spent obscurely in the shade—cannot avoid being hurried away from the stage of time.

The devotee who kneels at the shrine of ambition, acknowledges no divinity but interest, and over whom fame has cast the mantle of celebrity, so often vainly sought, soon ends his bright career, and even his memory becomes doubtful and indistinct as some fairy legend.

The ardent youth, whose spirit is buoyant with romantic visions, sees, reclining on the fleecy clouds of evening, the shadowy forms of beings of angelic loveliness. He hears, in the whispering zephyrs that play among the trees, the gentle symphonies of celestial visitants. His glowing fancy peoples, with spiritual existences, every scene of loveliness in nature:—the gliding river that ripples in the moonlight—the dark surface of the lake on whose calm bosom the breezes sleep, or in playful mood, wash the pebbled shore with its dancing wave—and the leaping cascade, whose noisy babble resounds through glen and forest. When from the vernal copse, the feathered songsters pour forth their liquid tones, their songs of hope that swell so high and clear, seem to be luring him onward to a brighter future. But whilst the chilly nights of autumn are musical with the voices of insect tribes, chanting a mournful requiem over the fading drapery of nature, a warning voice is borne to him that the fountains of sensibility and feeling that are now swelling around his heart, must cease to flow—that ere long his glowing breast shall cease to heave with rapture, and the cold grasp of death will deprive him of every energy.

Such is the destiny of man; but surely the present is not the only state of existence allotted to him.—There is no stronger proof of a future life than the futility of our plans of happiness in this. The best endeavors and worthiest efforts are often rendered more than useless here, and when directed by all the skill that human wisdom can bestow, recoil upon those who first called them into action.

No visible relation can be traced between the merit and reward of any act; and there must remain a balance which eternal justice demands to be settled elsewhere. In addition to this, it must be a manifest absurdity to suppose the Creator would endow man with such vast intellectual abilities, capable of continual improvement, and possessed with unbounded desires, merely to be the sport of an hour and then drop into nonexistence. There is a principle within him which rises superior to the vicissitudes of life, an "aliquid vastum infinitumque," which pervades his whole mind and presses him on perpetually to intellectual advancement.

These facts clearly evince that man's existence is not confined to a few years on earth; that his powers are not to be circumscribed by the narrow boundaries of time, but that a future awaits him bright with the prospect of endless developement, where the unshackled mind may range unrestrained, penetrating and comprehending those great and sublime truths which lie beyond his present powers, and in possession

ion of all the pleasures of fruition—approximating, in his character, towards the Deity himself.

And while we can neither mend nor mar the great scheme of creation—while our power—our lives—our boasted reason are held by a gossamer thread which the slightest breeze may break—while our joys are evanescent as the dews of morning which sparkle upon the fair flowrets—we are assured by indubitable testimony that another sphere of existence will open before us—that beyond the bourne of time we shall live fearless of further change. But to us life is short. A few more bright clouds may gild our sky, a few more suns may rise to cheer us with their resplendent beams; awhile the stars of heaven may shed their radiance over the lovely face of nature—while the balmy breath of spring calls forth the early rose, or the melancholy voice of autumn speaks to the soul of joys that are long departed—yet soon the vernal bloom of nature shall fade upon our view, and the bleak winds of heaven shall soon chant their dirge over those whose hearts now beat high with love and hope and rapture.

Hayesville, O., May, 1847.

Original.

Fog—Material, Mental, and Moral.

MATERIAL FOG consists of a dense vapor, or heavy atmosphere, floating near the surface of the earth, rising from lakes, rivers and marshes. Its effects are chilling, benumbing and stupefying. One of its peculiar properties is that of rendering obscure those objects over which it hovers; but it is readily dispersed by the warm and exhilarating rays of the sun.

Mental fog, is that mist which envelopes the mental faculties in a state of nature, depriving the "mind's eye" of a clear and perfect discernment of all facts as they exist in the intellectual world, and from an accurate and immediate discrimination of those which are daily presented to the mental vision. Like material fog, it is gradually dispersed by the illuminating influence of the light of science.

Moral fog, is that lurid veil which dims the moral vision, and hides from it the beauty, wisdom, and righteousness of God's dispensation to fallen man. Like material and mental fog, it continues to envelope the moral nature until the light of truth and revelation shed their sacred influence upon the soul.

Material, or morning fog, hides from our view all the beauties of nature, which are wont to present themselves at this hallowed period. 'Tis then the aerial songsters warble their sweetest notes. 'Tis then the gentle flower kindly wafts its grateful fragrance. 'Tis then the gurgling rill murmurs impatiently for the tinseling influence of the morning sunbeams. How gladly would we regale ourselves in the beauties that are then spread out before us, were we permitted to penetrate the dense mist which hovers over them.

Thus it is in the morning of life. With an immortal mind, whose natural tendency is onward and upward, it instantly inhales the odor of the blossoms of intellectual beauty, and reaches forth impassionately to seize the treasure, but the dim medium through which they are viewed, betrays his eager grasp, and he is compelled to retire and struggle through the fog of mental obscurity that envelopes them. As the sight of the natural eye expands and strengthens in its strong effort to penetrate this material obstruction, so are the mental faculties invigorated and strengthened by application and close and thorough investigation. Every object that is the subject of physical scrutiny, leaves its impression upon the faculty called into exercise by its investigation, and each object subjected to mental research, amply repays its notice by strengthening and improving the faculty which on it has bestowed its attention. There are few truths, the sources of

which we can arrive at without some mental effort. Nature is spread out before us, and we admire its beauty and precise adaptation to the wants of man and beast; but to the unthinking and listless mind, the prominent beauties here displayed, are enveloped in mental and moral fogs. Every object in nature is full of instruction, which the diligent mind readily gleams.

As material fog becomes more dense near the surface of the earth, while that which ascends high becomes transparent, and soon disappears; so moral fog hangs more heavily upon the soul whose depravity keeps it grappling with low and trifling objects.

A gem of priceless value is kindly placed in every human breast. For a time it faintly glitters to the eye of the beholder, and the owner himself seems scarcely conscious of the treasure he possesses. But when the light of truth and knowledge are permitted to beam upon it, then it rises and shines in its original greatness, and disperses the heavy fogs of mental and moral delusion which brooded over and obscured its wondrous beauty.

Ashland, O.

LYRA.

THE HUMORIST.

Selected.

Fat and the Oysters.

An Irish paper gives the following anecdote of the simplicity of a rare Pat, who had just been transplanted from the interior to Dublin.

Pat had been sent by his master to purchase half a bushel of oysters, to the quay, but was absent so long that apprehensions were entertained for his safety. He returned at last, however, puffing under his load in the most musical style.

"Where the devil have you been?" exclaimed his master.

"Where have I been? why where should I be but to fetch the oysters?"

"And what in the name of St. Patrick kept you so long?"

"Long! by my soul, I think I have been pretty quick, considering all things."

"Considering what things?"

"Considering what things! why, considering the gutting of the fish, to be sure."

"Gutting what fish?"

"What fish! why, blud-an-owns, the oysters, to be sure!"

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? why I mean that as I was resting myself, down forenent the Peckled Herring, and having a dhrup to comfort me, a jintleman axed me what I'd got in my sack; 'Oysters,' said I. 'Let's look at 'em,' says he; and he opens the bag. 'Och—thunder and praxies,' says he, 'who would you these?' 'It was Mick Carney,' says I, 'aboard the Powl Doodle smack.' 'Mick Carney, the thief o' the world!' says he; 'what a blackguard he must be to give them to you without gutting.' 'Aint they gutted?' says I. 'Devil a one o' them,' says he. 'Musha, then,' says I, 'what'll I do?' 'Do,' says he, 'I'd sooner do it for you myself than have you abused; and so he takes 'em in doors, and guts them nate and clane, as you'll see; opening at the same time his bag of oyster shells that were as empty as the head that bore them to the house.

If we had not this from an Irish paper, we would venture to doubt its authenticity.

"Come here, you mischievous little rascal you!"

"Won't you lick me father?"

"No."

"Will you swear you wont?"

"Yes!"

"Then I wont come, father, for Parson Atwood says, he that swears will lie!"

Selected.

Flowers.

FLOWERS! the sweet, the bright, the beautiful! what heavenly things they are; they speak directly to the heart; they are the type of our feelings; with roses, wild and fragrant, we deck the blushing maiden, as she sports around us in her girlish glee; with the pure white buds of the orange tree, we wreath the glossy braids of the fair young bride, ere she leaves forever the cherished home of her infant years.

They breathe consolation and peace to the wounded, stricken soul, and bid him not despair; they teach a sweet and instructive lesson. We, like them, are formed with beauty, symmetry and grace, to flourish for a space in the gay and varied parterre of earth; but unlike them, we only die to bloom with brighter, purer hues in the gardens of Eternal heaven. With flowers pale and tender, we strew the mound that wraps the form of the loved and lost. In life he cherished and loved them, and now they form

"A crown for the brow of the early dead."

No marvel, then, that the heart clings with feelings, tender and hallowed, to those beautiful creations of an Almighty hand; for, do they not furnish the most sublime imagery and delicate thoughts? Do they not breathe the most touching language that affection can devise? Does not each flower, as the Easterns believe,

"On its leaves a mystic language bear?"

No marvel, then, I repeat, that things, which bear such touching similitude to our fleeting selves, should be cultivated and treasured with such zealous care, for

"Flowers are emblems, sweet and rare,
Of all that's gentle, good, and fair."

Eternity.

WHAT a word—how incomprehensible! Something that has no beginning and can have no end.—And am I, and my readers, hastening to such an endless state of being? Is there no limit to the existence into which I have been ushered? When innumerable centuries have passed, shall I have as long to exist as now? It is true! The Bible asserts, my nature indicates it—everything admonishes me of the solemn fact. A few brief years at the longest, and I am to pass the threshold of that unknown world, carrying with me neither wealth nor favor, nothing but the character stamped upon my soul—my holiness or sin. Can I think too much of the thought? It is as sublime as it is solemn.

What is that which has its head at one end, and its mouth at the other?—A river.

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